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## TUNNEL RIGHTS.

The committee on mines and mining of the house of representatives has reported favorably a bill in regard to the distance that can be located on either side of a mining tunnel and it has passed the house. The bill follows:

"Be it enacted, etc.: That only 750 feet on each side of the center line of a tunnel site (described in Sec. 2323, revised statutes of the United States) shall be reserved for tunnel locations. Provided, that any location made in a tunnel may take any part of 1,500 linear feet on one side and the remainder on the other; or the owner of said tunnel site may take a full claim of 1,500 feet on one side and 1,500 feet on the other side, if that part of said claims extending beyond 750 feet of the center line in said tunnel, does not conflict with any prior location.

Sec. 2. That any vein or lode cut in said tunnel shall be staked on the surface and recorded within sixty days from the time the same is cut in the tunnel, in the manner provided for locations at the surface, as far as practicable, otherwise the same will be subject to discovery and location outside of the un abandoned workings of said tunnel claim by any qualified person.

Sec. 3. That the owner of said claim shall be entitled to all ore to the apex of what are called by miners generally vertical lodes, though such apex may not be included in the boundaries as staked on the surface."

The report of the house committee stated in part:

"The evil that section one seeks to cure is to confine the right of the tunnel claimant to 750 feet on each side of the line of the tunnel should the extension of the claim beyond 750 feet from the line of the tunnel conflict with the rights of any previous locator he may under section 1 of this bill take a full claim on one or both sides of the lines of the tunnel.

"Section 2 simply requires a tunnel claimant to stake his claim at the surface and record his claim within sixty days from the time the vein is cut, otherwise it will be deemed that he has abandoned the same should any other locator discover the same claim outside the tunnel and locate the same.

"Section 3 of the bill gives the claimant all ore from the point touched to the surface, even though the apex of the vein may depart from the side lines."

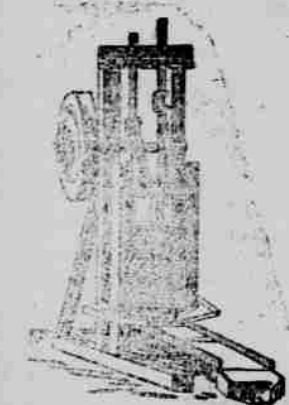
In explanation of the bill Judge Bell presented the following to the house, in substance:

"The necessity for the proposed legislation has arisen by reason of a decision of the supreme court of the United States. It has been understood that whenever a party located a tunnel site he was entitled to claim on all veins or lodes that intersected the tunnel an equal distance on each side of the tunnel to the extent of 750 feet. The supreme court has decided that upon striking a vein the tunnel owner has a right to take all of the distance given to him by law, to-wit: 1,500 feet on the vein from either side of the tunnel.

"This, of course, gives the tunnel site owner an advantage over what the miners thought he possessed and inasmuch as it is found to work a hardship, as the distance allowed is considerable from the tunnel, it has been deemed best by the miners in the west that the distance should be limited.

"This bill attempts to limit it by requiring that the tunnel site owner shall claim a distance of no more than 1,500 feet along the vein, half of which shall be on each side of the tunnel instead of allowing him 1,500 feet on either side of the tunnel, as the law now provides, which practically cuts the right of the tunnel owner down to one-half what it is at the present time, except where there is no conflict."

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## EXCITING SUBMARINE TRIP.

On Her First Trial the Holland Stuck In the Mud.

Capt. Holland's first trip in his submarine craft was attended with an accident which proved very exciting for a few minutes to the people on board. After her lines were cast off she was headed for Robbins' Reef light house, about a mile away. When about midway between it and the Jersey shore Capt. Holland said: "Hold fast! I'm going to dive down to the bottom." As he said this he opened the valves, allowing the water to enter her submerging tanks, and properly deflected her stern fins or side rudders, so that they threw her stern up and her nose down.

"Down, down she went for a minute or more," relates a man who was aboard her, "and presently her nose stuck in the mud at the bottom and she came to a full stop with a suddenness which would have thrown us down had we not been holding fast to our supports. The instant Capt. Holland felt the vessel stop he said: 'Well, here we are.' Then he stopped the engine, and reversing it, prepared to back out. As he did this I threw over the rudder, first to port and then to starboard, just as I would if we were on the surface, in order to wiggle waggle her stern and help release her. This maneuver I kept up for probably two minutes, but the boat did not budge one inch. Then I remembered and so did Holland, that the mud bank in which we were fast was of a particularly sticky, pasty, clayey and adhesive character. He stopped the propeller engine a minute and then set the pumps to work to expel the water from her tanks in order to lighten her up and make her as buoyant as possible.

"It took several minutes to empty the tanks, and then he reversed the engine and set the propeller going again, hoping that now she would back out of her slimy embrace with ease. She did not, however, but remained as firmly fixed in the grasp of the mud as though she was clamped in an iron vice.

"The boat contained tanks of fresh air, but both myself and Capt. Holland knew that there was only sufficiency of it to maintain our lives for a few hours.

"We had been fast in the mud probably three minutes when Holland said: 'I will try the pneumatic gun.' This gun formed the rear of a tube in the bow of the boat through which a torpedo could be discharged. He charged it as high as it would bear with compressed air and then touched it off. In a second I knew that we were free, for the instant the boat's nose was released from the grasp of the sticky mud it became so light through the fact that the water tanks in it were empty that it rose far above an even keel. We breathed freely in more than the literal sense.

Capt. Holland, now assured that we were rising to the surface, applied full force ahead to the propeller. In less time than I can tell you we reached the surface of the water, and through the conning tower I saw that we had yegyl Latwa: CToff onal. Gydispac come up very close to a man who was fishing from a skiff. He evidently had not heard of the Holland submarine boat, and though we were an aqueous monster of some fearful character, for, letting his line go, he sprang to his oars and pulled for the shore with a speed which would have excited the admiration of Ned Hanlan himself.

"I headed our boat for Bayonne, and in ten minutes we were again safe in our dock. When the cap of the conning tower was removed I scrambled up on deck and then made the best of my way to the wharf. As I did I turned and looked at what had come so near being my iron coffin, and I saw that its nose had been thrust fully fifteen feet into the mud, and then I marvelled that I was alive."—Philadelphia Times.

## GOSSIP OF NEW YORK.

New York, May 15.—"There is more whiskey drunk by respectable people in this city after 7 o'clock than there is water. I actually believe it's worse among the better class than the working people." This, too, from a city magistrate. Then he lectured the chappie who had purchased a jag the night before and turned him loose.

If this town isn't surfeited with war plays before the month is over it won't be the fault of the theatrical managers. Besides "The Man-o-War's Man" and "The White Squadron," which are now on the boards, there are to be speedy revivals of "Across the Potomac" and "Shenandoah," and just as soon as Philadelphia has grown tired of it, "The Dawn of Freedom," a melodrama, which settles the question as to who blew up the Maine, once and forever, will be put on at the Lyric for a run. "Held by the Enemy" will soon be elaborately revived.

There has been a significant increase in the number of men who patrol the walks around the big reservoirs in Central park, both day and night, to guard the main distributing point of the city's water supply. New Yorkers don't drink a great deal of water, but what they do consume must not be tampered with by Spanish spies with poison in their pockets. If the Spaniards s'king revenge knew as better they would go to the breweries.

The meek and lowly patriot is also getting there. Draped across a basement lodging, in a humble street, is an ample flag, home-made, the white stars cut out and sewed, quilt fashion, laboriously to the blue ground-work, and the long stripes of red bunting, with the edge turned in, stitched neatly in prim machine stitching to the white ground. The machine stitching is not regular, and the white stars are not any two of them alike, either in shape or size. It is possible that the differing glory and geography of the various states in the constellation was borne in mind by the cutter and sewer. But it answers the purpose.

The bachelor girls of Gotham are going to have a big apartment house all to their "lonlies." The building is to be as much like a bachelor's apartment house as possible, with elevator service day and night. This house will have a number but no name. Charges for rooms or suites are to be small, and no chaperon will be required. A restaurant is to be one of the features, where tenants can entertain both men and women friends. This scheme will surely appeal to the independent woman. But heaven help the janitor.

Once more has Lillian Russell changed her name. By a decree of court, on and after June 5 next the fair actress will be legally known again as Lillian Leonard Russell. In reality Lillian Leonard Russell is Mrs. Helen Louise Chatterton, wife of John Chatterton, otherwise Signor Perugini, the singer. The ties of wedlock that bound Miss Russell to the actor-singer have never been severed by the courts. The matrimonial ventures of the prima donna are too well known to need repetition. Three times during her stage career has she taken unto herself a husband for better or for worse. She wants to go back to first principles for business purposes.

A number of enthusiastic patriots threw eggs at the Tribune building yesterday afternoon. The occasion was the appearance of a red and green chalk sketch of Weyler, the butcher, with which that said paper had disfigured its bulletin board. First there were hisses, then came a large brick, narrowly missing the "artist," and last of all, eggs were used. One egg struck Weyler in the eye, and then turned his left side whiskers yellow, and a fourth hit the bulletin man. Some arrests were made, but the uproar didn't cease until the butcher's face was washed off the board.

The whole world is watching the progress of Uncle Samuel's scrap with Spain. Every European newspaper of prominence is sending war correspondents here, and Mexico and South America are also represented. The Novoe Vremya of St. Petersburg is already on the ground, as are the leading journals of London, Paris, Berlin and Frankfurt. The representatives of La Monda, printed in the City of Mexico, files at least 1,500 words every day, and the man from Rio Janerio is also sending home a concise story as fast as the news develops. All of which means fatter dividends for the telegraph and cable companies, and a corresponding outlay on the part of the enterprising gentlemen who enable you to keep tab on the progress of the just punishment which is being meted out to a bombastic but cruel race.

The sarcastic slaves of royalty will soon learn that we are neither a race of shopkeepers nor a land of fanatics.

## THE OLD CLERK.

He is a familiar figure in almost every business house—the old clerk. White-haired, thin, with clothes that are always of decent black and scrupulously brushed, he has sat behind the same desk or stood behind the same counter for dear knows how many years, growing thinner and older and mustier as the time went by. Sometimes we meet him in the early morning going down to office or store, walking the same route he has trod for twenty or thirty years with a regularity so perfect that the very policemen on the beat might set his watch by his movements, says the New Orleans Picayune. Often, late at night, when we are going home from the theater, we see him through the iron-grated window, still bending over his ledger, for he works slowly nowadays and must work over time to make his accounts. His eyes are growing dim and he fumbles with his glasses, his hands are losing their trick of deft penmanship and his brain is swiftless. He does not understand it, but the fly boys all around him, young enough to be his sons, rush through their tasks and are out and gone, while he is still laboring over his. Slowly but surely it is being borne in on him that he cannot compete with them. In the manager's office he is already becoming a problem.

Customers have begun to complain of his slowness. A man, not intentionally cruel, called out that he wanted somebody who was alive to wait on him, not that old fossil. A woman complained that he had not matched a sample, and asked why they kept blind people. The old clerk heard them, and it sounded like the knell of his own foreboding thoughts. He knows that the time is coming when he must go. He has seen it happen before with others. First, he will be retired to some other department, with less work and less pay. They will remember for a time the many years of faithful service, in which he has seen the firm grow from small beginnings to present wealth. Then, after a time, they will forget even that, and one day, when he has been slower than usual, or some mistake has passed unnoticed by his dim eyes, they will send for him to come to the president's room and he will be told that they think it best to put a boy in that department. Somebody who is young and quick and can get about swiftly. Sometimes they give him a little pension. Oftener not, but in either case he goes out a poor, heart-broken old man. They talk to him of enjoying leisure, but he has never learned the art of idling, and so he hangs about the store, after he is dismissed, walking by it through sheer force of habit. To others it is a commonplace enough store or office. To him it is the mausoleum where lies buried his youth, with all its dreams and hopes and ambitions, and there is a tear under the smile on his wintry old face as he says that he has left Blank & Blank's and has got too old to work.

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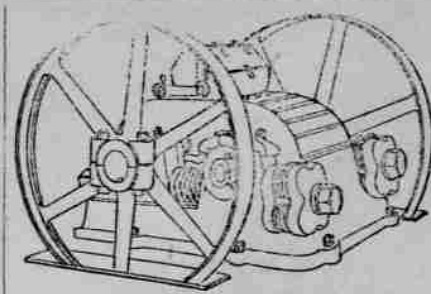
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A new style packet containing ten RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—for FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RYAN CHOCOLATE COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single cartons (24 tablets) will be sent for FIVE CENTS.



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